



Poetry.

THE CHURNING SONG.

Apron on and dash in hand,
O'er the old churn here I stand;—
Cachug!
How the thick cream spurts and flies,
Now on shoes, and now in eyes—
Cachug! cachug!

Ah, how soon I tired get;
But the butter lingers yet—
Cachug!
Aching back and weary arm
Quite rob churning of its charm—
Cachug! cachug!

See the golden specks appear!
And the churn rings sharp and clear,—
Cachink!
Arms that have to flag begun,
Work on, you will soon be done;—
Cachink! cachink!

Rich flakes cling to lid and dash;
Hear the thin milk's watery splash—
Cachink!
Sweetest music to the ear,
For it says the butter is here—
Cachink! cachink!

—St. Nicholas for February.

Selected.

THE POSTAL CARD.

"What have you there, Kittie?" asked merry little Nellie Andrews, holding out her hand to receive the parcel held towards her.

"Oh, a lot of postal cards," answered Kittie, with a twinkle in her black eyes. "Guess for what?"

"I know. You are on fun intent. I must hunt up a Latin, French, German and Spanish dictionary, I suppose."

"Yes, Nellie, darling, presently. First though, I want to tell you something. You know Charlie Blain, and what exquisite teeth he has."

"Yes, many folks declare he has a receipt from Dr. LeBlanc, for the payment of seventy-five dollars for a set of teeth for somebody—"

"Oh, nonsense! I know his teeth the good Lord gave him. Well, last week, he was absent from his office five days with a bilious attack. Saturday, when he came back, there on his desk he found a postal card. Of course all the gentlemen round had peeped at it, for they were nearly convulsed with laughter, when Charlie walked up to the desk and took up the card."

Uncle says they just shouted out when he laid it down and turned to look at them. Oh with such a comical expression he read out:

"DEAR CHARLIE:—Your teeth are not lost. John found them in the bath tub after the water was let off. The stupid fellow forgot to mention it until just now. How sorry we are that you had to be kept a prisoner so long, and still more regret the great and unnecessary expense you had to incur."

Yours, A. B.

"Oh I declare that was too bad. His absence from the office made it seem all the more funny. It must have been from some one of the clerks."

"No; uncle says Charley thinks it is from Will Lawson or his cousin Howard Marcy. So I am just going to set those young gents brains to puzzling. It would be no use to send Howard a love missive for he cares more for his cousin Annie than for any one else in the world. He would know well enough she would not send him one, and would not care to find out about any one else. So what shall we do?"

"I know Annie's folks are awfully opposed to her having him only just because he is poor. Indeed he is a splendid fellow, and Mr. Lawson thought there was any chance of his ever becoming rich he would like him well enough, I'm sure. Kittie, I will get a pen. Now how will this do?" Nellie asked a few moments after, passing a slip of paper to her friend, on which was written:

HOWARD MARCY, ESQ.—We have been daily expecting to hear from you relative to the funds in our hands. We have now \$18,000 uninvested. Please to let us know by return mail what disposition to make of it.

Respectfully yours,
ROADS & MEANS,
Counsellors at Law.

"Oh, Nellie, if I was not fearful it might raise hopes in the poor fellow, I should say it was just the thing. But don't you think it would be a pity?"

"Oh, I think he won't be likely to build much on it. Now I'll write a little verse of pure sentiment. You may send either you choose."

"No; I will send the one you have written. I've an idea that it won't do any harm, and who knows but it may help him. I will tell you how—"

Just then a bevy of girls came fluttering in. Kittie hid away the cards, slipping one with the note she intended to copy on it, into her pocket.

That night the card was mailed to Howard Marcy, just about the time the poor fellow was sitting in his room bluer than ever in his life. Mr. Lawson's manner towards him had grown very cold indeed, he scarcely ever addressed him at all now.

And Howard knew well enough why it was, and said,

"Just because I can't help loving Annie, he treats me thus. Who could live in the same house with her and not love her? Dear girl! Oh, if I was only rich. If I can only get over the coming two years, with God's blessing I do not fear the future. I know I can make my way. But what a struggle it will, it must be! How can I do it on fifty dollars a month? Board twenty-five now! But if cousin Andrew continues to give me the cold shoulder I must find some other home; and of course strangers will charge me higher,—thirty dollars likely. Then my washing, four more, books and tuition, fifteen, and I have six dollars left for clothing and possibly in a few days it will be reduced to just one. I cannot, with the respect due to myself, remain much longer, if things do not improve. I think Annie loves me a little; more than girls are apt to love their cousins. I'm glad we are distantly related, or the old gentleman might add that for another objection. Indeed, if I only had the means to buy that exquisite little pearl ring, I would find out if she loves me as I hope. Oh, if just a slight streak of good fortune would come to me now, I think never could any man appreciate it so truly as I. Well, it is no use to sit up in this warm room, groaning over what is inevitable. I will go down and be happy while I may."

Sweet Annie Lawson was sitting just where Howard Marcy expected to find her, on the shaded porch, looking very lovely, but a little sad, he thought. However, she managed to call up a smile to welcome Howard.

"What is it, Annie, that is troubling you?" he asked, seating himself beside her, and endeavoring to take her hand.

Annie drew it quickly away, at the same time glancing anxiously into the library window where her father sat writing.

Howard understood the meaning of her sadness.

"Will you come for a short walk, Annie?" he asked.

Poor girl! she could no longer disguise her sorrow. The tears filled her eyes as she whispered:

"I don't dare. I wish I might—"

Another look into the library window, another little sigh—almost a sob—and Howard felt that a crisis in his love making was about approaching. Would it be life or death to him? What had he to hope for? Surely that evening was the gloomiest of his life. Miserable enough he went back to his room.

"It is no use for me to struggle against fate. I wish now I had been content to stay at home, with no higher thoughts than working on a farm. No doubt I should have been happier far. Poor, dear mother encouraged me on to this. She thinks I shall succeed, and 'make a famous lawyer,' she writes. Well, well, for her sake I will struggle on."

Just then Howard saw Annie's father going down the street. Determining to have some understanding with Annie, he hurried down stairs to meet her in the hall.

"I was just going to call you, Howard," she said.

"And I was coming to try to cast the shadow from your brow, Annie," Howard answered, holding out his hand.

She placed hers in it, saying:

"It would be too cruel to give you no explanation of my changed manner, Howard. Papa—well you know, papa—thinks—"

Here Annie faltered and stopped, her face crimsoning as she turned it away to hide her confusion and tears.

"Yes, darling, I know. Your father thinks I love his child; and does Annie think so too?"

Gently he turned her face towards his, and looked earnestly into her beautiful eyes, "tell me Annie?"

"I know you do, Howard," she answered low.

"Yes, more than all the world, Annie."

"I know it, Howard, and can't help being so glad of it."

"You darling girl! Now I shall not care how dark everything looks, for with Annie's love to bless and guide me, I shall be sure to succeed. You do love me, Annie?"

"I cannot help it. But I ought not to listen to you, or tell you that I do love you, because papa said such dreadful things—that I must not allow you to love me—that he never, never would listen for an instant to such a thing; he would just as soon see me dead—but here he is coming back. Oh, I'm so sorry, and so glad, too! Mamma loves you. May be all will come right. We will hope and pray."

"God bless you, darling," Howard said, as she hurried away.

About noon next day, to Annie Lawson's amazement, when her father came home to lunch, he said to Mrs. Lawson:

"You have not spoken to Howard about leaving, have you?"

"No, not yet. I hate so to do it; I wish you would reconsider it," Mrs. Lawson was saying, when her husband exclaimed,

"Reconsider it! I'm sure I don't wish him to leave. Can't imagine why you should. And now I think of it, I do not see why on earth you put him in that back room. The front chamber in the third story is far pleasanter. You seem to forget wife, that Howard is my relative—very distant, to be sure, but near enough to be entitled to some love and consideration. I've not been feeling well for a week past, or I should have looked more to his comfort. By the by, Annie, I think you treated Howard rather strangely this morning. As our guest, if nothing more, you should at least be polite."

Annie's eyes and her mother's grew larger every moment as they listened, yet scarcely believing their ears.

"What are you staring at, I would like to know?" Mr. Lawson snapped out looking from his wife to Annie; "I do suppose, if my eyes had not been opened at last, that before twenty-four hours you would have driven my cousin from the house."

All the time during his talking he had been pulling over the papers in first one pocket and then another, until the contents of six were emptied upon the table.

"Lost, as sure as fate," he said.

And when his wife and daughter started up to help in the search, inquiring if it was of much importance, Mr. Lawson answered—

"No; only a business notice. I suppose another will come."

The missing article was the veritable postal card sent by little Nellie the evening before. Meeting the letter carrier, Mr. Lawson had received with his own mail the card directed to Howard. Instead of sending it immediately to him, Mr. Lawson retained it to read over and over again and speculate upon its meaning.

In vain the search ended.

"Perhaps it is just as well. If he had received it from me, he might have thought that it had something to do with the change in my feelings. In a few days he will receive another from his agents, and in the meantime I will manage to let it come gradually."

An hour later, when Mr. Lawson was returning from his place of business he met Howard. The day was very hot, and the poor fellow was really suffering, dressed as he was, in his heavy winter clothing.

"I say, Howard," called Mr. Lawson, "you'd better follow my example and drop into Smith's and let him put you into a cooler suit. I was there two hours ago. Hey! Not prepared just now? Oh, that makes no difference. Use my name if necessary. I want to have everybody look and feel as cool as myself."

Howard could hardly speak his thanks for his astonishment.

"What on earth has come over him? Well, really, I was just wondering how I should raise a more suitable coat?"

To Howard's still greater astonishment when he entered Smith's, that gentleman came forward, and when Howard made known his want—"Just a plain, cheap coat,"—Smith laughed quietly, but pulled down a very nice, desirable suit, insisting upon his trying the coat on. And then when Howard put his hand in his pocket, only for the purpose of getting his memorandum book and pencil, to figure on it, and about when it was probable he might pay for it, Mr. Smith said, quickly:

"Oh, no matter about the pay now—any time six months hence at your pleasure. We shall always be glad to serve you."

"What has come over everybody I'd like to know," thought Howard.

When Howard passed from the store, Smith drew from his pocket the postal card, murmuring—

"It's lucky for me that Mr. Lawson dropped this, for I've secured a very desirable customer. But who would have thought it? Well, this is of no farther account. I'll destroy it."

And so saying, Smith proceeded to tear in small pieces the card, and scatter the fragments to the winds. But its work was done.

Although Howard, the first day, almost doubted his own identity, he soon got accustomed to the wonderful change.

And how it really came about, Howard could scarcely understand himself; but so it really was, that before the end of the week he was engaged to Annie with the sanction of both parents. The dear girl thought her father had only come to his better senses, and appreciated Howard's worth, and so was very happy in the happy change.

There was something, however, to mar Howard's perfect bliss. How was he to get Annie's ring?

He had written to his mother such a happy hopeful letter, immediately after winning Annie's promise to be his; for his previous letter had been very desponding, "and mother's heart must be relieved," he said.

She, dear, thoughtful woman, began to think her darling ought to have a little extra money just then, particularly as commencement was near at hand. He would surely need a new suit when he received his diploma. So she set to work to devise means to secure what she thought Howard must have. The result being the receipt of one hundred dollars in a letter from his mother in which it said:

DEAR SON:—I have been thinking you must need more money than you can make just now, so I sold Uncle Harry's gun. The money you need more than anything else, so don't worry about my disposing of it.

"I declare," exclaimed Howard; "this seems like a fairy's doing. I hardly wish for a thing before it comes."

So on Annie's finger was the prettiest pearl ring, and Mr. Lawson chuckled to himself at the success of his wishes. And when, a few days later, Smith was paid for his light suit and received an order for another, he congratulated himself on his good luck. Neither he nor Mr. Lawson could keep their secret; each whispered it to his friend, and so it reached the ear of a shrewd and well known legal gentleman of W—, who, immediately after Howard graduated and won the prize for the best essay, astonished him by coming and offering him a partnership. Two months had passed, when Howard found himself just where he had hoped to be in two years. And better still, an old miser uncle who never before would help him, when he heard of his nephew's success, concluded there was "something in the boy," and sent him a nice little present in the shape of a five thousand dollar bond.

A few days ago Nellie's little friend Kittie came in and whispered, "I am going to be bridemaid for Annie Lawson. She is going to be married early in the fall. And then she added, laughing merrily—

"I truly believe this marriage will be the work of my postal card. I know but a few days before, Mr. Lawson did not treat Howard with common politeness. Just see how slight a thing may turn the current of our lives."

"We should be cautious then, how we drop these pebbles in the stream, Kittie. But I am glad if our little piece of fun has done such good work. And I am confident Howard Marcy is worth all and more than Mr. Lawson thinks he is. And we have only made him anticipate what the future is sure to bring."

DEATH OF JOHN WESLEY.—He rose in the morning the first of his household. Once, he relates, he was up at half past five, went to the chapel, but found no one of his assistant preachers there. Of three or four in the house, all were asleep. "I preached myself," writes the old man of eighty-four. When he complained, his assistants urged that they were up late the night before. He made it a rule that every one in the house should retire at nine in order to attend the morning service at five. At eighty-six Wesley admitted the weight of years. His eyes, he said, were dim, his voice faint. He could no longer keep his accounts or his journal. He traveled almost to the last, and was followed by the throngs who never deserted him. In the spring of 1791 he was brought to his house in City Road, stricken with a fever. On the 2d of March he died, surrounded by a group of friends. When he was dead, they broke into a psalm of praise. His funeral at five in the morning, was attended by a vast throng, and a sermon was preached in memory of his good deeds in City Road Chapel, when the church was hung with mourning, and every member of the great audience, except one, who took the blue ribbon from her hat when she saw her error, was clothed in black. City Road Chapel is Wesley's monument. There are the buildings and charitable labors he planned; there the room in which he died—his house, his church, his tomb.

He desired at his funeral, he said, no pomp, but only the tears of those who loved him.—Harper's for February.

Arlington Advocate.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.
BY JOHN L. PARKER
At the Store of M. A. Richardson & Co.
ARLINGTON, MASS.
Terms \$1.00 a year in advance. Advertising terms liberal.

ARLINGTON, JAN. 24, 1874

WE do not read anonymous letters and communications. The name and address of the writer are in all cases indispensable, as a guaranty of good faith. We cannot undertake to return or preserve communications that are not used.

SEIZURE.—State Constable McAdoo seized a small quantity of liquor at George Russell's last Saturday.

MASQUERADE.—About 30 of the friends of Mr. G. P. Pierce, rallied at his home on Charlestown street, last Monday evening, and gave him a surprise. They all had a happy time.

SERVICES.—First Cong'l church; Rev. G. W. Cutter will preach at 10 3-4 A. M. Subject,—"An Alabaster Box." All are cordially invited.

OPERA.—The charming operetta of Genevieve, by the author of Laila will be given under the direction of Mr. S. P. Prentiss at the Town Hall, next Wednesday evening. We advise all our readers who like good music to be sure and go.

ACCIDENT.—Last Friday, while in Belmont, Jesse Bacon's horse got his leg over the shaft, kicked in the dasher, and then ran into a stone wall, and was stopped without further injury.

S. S. CONCERTS.—Last Sunday evening, at the Universalist church, there was an interesting Sunday School concert, conducted by the Superintendent, Mr. Henry Swan. There was singing by the scholars, and short addresses.

At the Baptist church there were addresses by Rev. Mr. Harris and Mr. Corey, the Superintendent, a poem by Mr. Peabody and singing by the children and the choir, under the direction of the chorister, Mr. Warren Rawson.

DIED.—We learn that John Ford, formerly of Arlington, died recently in the British Provinces under rather singular circumstances. He had assumed another name, and was at work at his trade. Having a liking for the fair sex he had got into the good graces of two of them, and was engaged to marry them both in April. One evening while courting one of his loves, he died in his chair of heart disease. Whether something she said broke his heart, or remorse at the thought that he was about to break hers reacted on his, we know not, but John is dead, and his children are in the Little Wanderers Home. May their lives be pleasanter than those of their unhappy parents.

ARLINGTON, Jan. 20.

To the Editor of Arlington Advocate:—
SIR:—Seeing an article in your paper, in which some blunder-head tried to mix matters and things, I would say that the heronade consisted of the lowest rank of rough-scut of Arlington, and that Mr. Farmer was not seen with one or two jugs in his hand. F.

FAIR.—The Universalist Society of Arlington will hold their annual fair at the Town Hall, on the afternoon and evening of Feb. 5th. There will be many articles to be disposed of, among them a nice mantle clock and a very fine music box, also a beautiful picture, appropriate for a Sunday School; to be voted for. The school receiving the greatest number of votes, will be entitled to the picture. Directly after the fair there will be a dance. Made by Edmunds Band.

ROWAWAY.—Last Saturday Master Roland Hobbs and his sister were taking a sleigh ride, when their horse ran away with them. The girl became frightened, and in spite of her brother's protests, jumped out. Roland held on, however, and finally run the horse into a barn and stopped him. His coolness was warmly commended by those who witnessed it.

ANCIENT SPORTS REVIVED.—On Monday about the hour of noon, a pair of canines got into a dispute or were rather urged into a dispute somehow or other, on Lowell street not far from the Junction of Lowell street and Arlington Avenue. After waging war on each other for some time, the owners of the dogs appeared on the scene and each began to kick the other's dog, when a third party appeared on the scene in the shape of a son of one of the parties, who en-

gaged to separate the combatants, but in a short time had to give it up, as one of the dogs had bit him severely on the thumb. We think he will be lucky if he does not commence barking himself one of these days and show some signs of hydrophobia. After a good deal of slashing round, some with bed rails and other missiles, they got the dogs separated and the show ended.

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM.—We are so unfashionable in our ideas as to believe we hold our stewardship from God. We believe he has made us a little lower than the angels, yet laid upon us a deep and abiding responsibility. That for every good and perfect gift, for every faculty or talent, we are to feel ourselves not the owners but the usurers. We conceive there can be no greater responsibility resting upon any one, than upon him or her who has committed to their charge the formation of the future characters of the men and women of this republic. The teacher is often responsible in a higher degree for the future development of the men and women of our future, it may be, than even their father or mother. It is therefore of as much importance that the teacher should be a good man as well as a good teacher of grammar and arithmetic. We do not expect in many cases that our teachers will be strictly Christian men and women; yet we never yet saw a teacher too good to keep school,—but we do wish for thoroughly honest, conscientious, highly moral teachers. We see the pressing necessity for a very high standard of morals, and an abiding sense of the moral fitness of all our public school teachers, and this being the more desirable from the fact, that so many "uncongenialities" (they are so called, I believe) existing between the father and mother of so many children. I say nothing in this place, where I might justly say so much, of the theological question involved in the future relationship of all the parties, more especially of the husband and wife. The point we would make prominent in the future of our schools is one that shall require the teacher to take cognizance of just such cases. Here is, as the society term has it, Mr. and Mrs. Davidson. They have lived some fifteen or twenty years in what may be called a tolerably happy state of wedlock. In this family Religion and the Bible are both by common consent tabooed. Their children being brought up in almost total disregard of the common proprieties of life. The father goes fishing on Sundays, the mother visits her friends, and the boys they prospect for hen's eggs, and pilfer small fruits, and this with perfect impunity. Well, the boys and girls growing up, go to the town school "for to get an education," as they say, "the old man pays for it."

Now to take these children and rightly to educate them for even the business of active life we think demands something more at the teacher's hands than merely teaching them how to read, spell, &c. &c. We believe in a higher responsibility than that. We do not think any true lover of his race will be sorry that his son or his daughter receives besides a good knowledge of a common school education, a knowledge of the secret of a correct deportment, the rudiments of the science of living well, of being good. And just here is the point so fatally omitted, I fear, in so many of our public schools. Being very fearful of indoctrinating this or that religious creed in the schools, the Bible, if ever read, is read sometimes irreverently or flippantly, in such manner as to lead some children of bright intellect to say "well, our teacher does not think much of reading the Bible in school, nor I either." I am sorry to remark I have heard this remark coming from boys of whom I would have expected other and better sayings. Then again, the prevalent idea now gaining ground that the "Bible should go out of the school room, and never be permitted to return, for it is a theological book." In this idea, we fear there may be found teachers even, who, to say the least think their "grandmother's Bible no great affair." Such men, although they are the teachers of our youth, are men not in their proper places. Such men should be held to a strict accountability by every school committee in every town of our ancient commonwealth. One can scarcely realize how far the inspiration to do good acts, to correct de-

portment will extend,—"how far the rays of a rush light shine."

Now we grant for the sake of argument, that all that "our money pays for," in many of our public schools, may be summed up in the oft repeated household and schoolhouse words, all that is required of public teachers is to keep five or six hours, for five days of the week, and to perfect their scholars in the usual branches taught in a majority of our schools." I think this is a fact patent all over the Commonwealth. Now we do not say that those teachers do not do their duty, but we do say that those of them who do not add to their list of the simple, every day precepts of encouragement to morality and right doing fall far short of their duty, and have omitted one of the great responsibilities of a good teacher, that of turning to a good account even the smallest affairs of life. A few short years hence, and all our enterprises, all our pleasures, our hopes, our fears, and our means of doing good will be over. How important then, that we neglect no opportunity of speaking a good word of uttering a good thought in the ears of the future hope of the republic.

AN OLD SCHOOL BOY.

Lexington.

HIGH SCHOOL LECTURES.—No better lecture has been given in the High School Course than that delivered week before last by Rev. E. G. Porter on the subject of "Historic Ruins." The lecture opened with some general remarks concerning history. There are three general divisions of the subject: 1st, Lithology, the science which treats of rocks; 2nd, Ethnology, or the science of nations; 3rd, Paleology, or the science of antiquities. It is noticeable that the present age is distinguished by two prominent characteristics, an eager regard for the present, and a remarkable interest in the remote past. Knowledge of the remote past may be obtained from parchments or papyrus on which are inscribed ancient writings from coins or from what are termed monuments—that is, temples, statues sarcophagi, household utensils, etc. This lecture, however, was confined to a consideration of certain ancient ruins. Much information concerning the ancients has been gained from ruined temples, some of the most beautiful of which were erected to the sun. It may seem strange to us that people should worship the sun, but in Eastern lands it is less difficult to understand. There the atmosphere is exceedingly transparent and the heat so intense that it is dangerous to venture out at mid-day. The sun seems indeed, the emblem of power. One of these temples is at Baalbec, which means city of the sun. This ancient city is situated in Syria, a country lying at the extreme eastern end of the Mediterranean Sea. The territory between the rivers Orontes and Leontes was formerly occupied by the Phœnicians whose civilization is the oldest of which we have record. The history of this country is divided into three periods called from the nation's which at different times held possession of it, the Phœnician period. The Græco-Roman and the Saracenic period. The temple of Baalbec stands upon an artificial platform between 20 and 30 feet in height. It is supposed that the space beneath this platform was used as a prison. The temple is farther elevated upon immense walls containing stones of great size. The speaker himself had measured three which were sixty-four feet in length. That the dimensions of these stones was considered remarkable even in ancient times is shown by the fact that the city was sometimes called the "Three Stone Place." The material of which the temple was built is a kind of limestone obtained not far from the town. At this quarry may be seen a stone sixty-nine feet in length, raised upon an inclined plane as if it was to be removed. But in what manner did the builders intend to transport so huge a block? This beautiful structure is now in a state of utter ruin, owing, in part no doubt, to the destruction wrought by invading armies from time to time.

Passing now to Egypt we come to the pyramids, which are monuments of a different kind. These are situated on the west side of the river Nile. The most famous are near Cairo, but many are to be found, generally in groups, scattered over a distance of more than 60 miles up the river. Investigations have been made which seem to prove that the pyramids were built between the third and twelfth dynasties, and, therefore, are about 4000 years old. To show the form of these structures, the speaker produced four triangular pieces of wood of equal size, and placed the apices together in such a

manner as to form a pyramid having a square base. The Egyptian pyramids all face the North, thus directing the faces to the four cardinal points. The pyramid of Cheops is situated near Cairo, and covers an area of 12 or 13 acres. Its height is 450 feet, or twice that of Bunker Hill monument. The pyramids are guarded by Bedouin Arabs who also act as guides. Their assistance is really indispensable in ascending the pyramids, each of the steps by which the summit is reached being about 3 feet in height unprotected by any railing or other precaution against falling. Serious accidents have several times occurred to persons attempting to make the ascent alone. When ladies undertake the difficult task the guides carry footstools which they place on each successive step to lessen the distance between it and the next. Four Arabs attached themselves to Mr. Porter's person to assist him in reaching the top of the pyramid of Cheops. Having gained the summit they threatened to leave him unless something was added to their fee. This was refused; whereupon three of them departed, while the fourth remained to urge his claims on the ground of his superior virtue. Being successful in this appeal the descent was made in safety, and the deserters punished for their treachery. The pyramid of Cheops is built of blocks of syenitic granite of remarkable size. No cement is used in uniting these great stones, either here or in the temple of Baalbec, and yet the speaker had found it almost impossible to insert the point of a thin-bladed knife between them. It is most probable that the pyramids were intended as tombs for the kings of Egypt. The Egyptians were a gloomy people accustomed to give much thought to death. No sooner had a king ascended the throne than he began the preparation of his burial place. So a pyramid was commenced with the reign of King Cheops or Suphis and the building continued until after his death. 100,000 laborers were employed upon it at a time, being relieved at the end of three months by an equal number of fresh workmen. Although so many persons were engaged in the work, 20 or 30 years elapsed before its completion. Access to the interior of the pyramids is obtained through an opening in the side about 40 feet from the ground. From this entrance an inclined plane extends downward probably for the purpose of sliding in the coffin. This incline is so slippery as to render it almost impossible for a man with boots to keep his footing. The barefooted Arabs have no such difficulty, however, and it was with their help that the lecturer entered the Pyramid of Cheops. A diagram showing the plan of the interior was now drawn on the blackboard. The walls of the chamber, in which the king's body was laid are of red granite, highly polished. There is also another chamber, probably intended to receive the body of the queen. The interior of the pyramid is very dark and close, and the dust of ages has accumulated upon all things therein. Near the pyramid is the Sphinx, an immense statue having the body of a lion and the head of a man. It is cut out of a ledge of rock, the defective portions being supplied by masonry. Between the paws is a temple, the steps of which are covered by the drifting sand, as are also the bases of the pyramids. The Sphinx is a riddle still unsolved. It is supposed, however, that, as the lion is the symbol of strength and the human head of intellect, the Egyptians worshipped in the Sphinx combined physical and intellectual power. There is a story told concerning the temple. It is said that a king having a very beautiful daughter rallied her on the uselessness of her beauty. To prove that his assertions were untrue she persuaded her numerous lovers to contribute to the building of this sanctuary, which remains a monument to the power of beauty. Another story says that a princess was bathing in a stream when the birds gathered around attracted by her beauty. An eagle which was among them, carried away her slipper, and dropped it at the feet of the king. He was filled with admiration of the dainty little shoe, and gave out that whoever should be able to wear it, should have a pyramid built for her burial place. Of course the rightful owner was the only one who could claim the honor. So the origin of the slipper is very old. Indeed, much wisdom and many pretty stories may be traced to the remote past. One of the finest examples of Grecian architecture is the Acropolis at Athens. Within it is the famous Pantheon or Temple of Minerva, containing a statue of the Goddess. There is said to have been another large statue of Minerva which was so placed as to be seen by sailors at a great distance from land. This was

long since removed probably for the value of the metal of which it was made. The marble of which the Acropolis was built was tinted to avoid the dazzling effect of the sun's rays reflected from a white surface. It is now in a state of utter ruin, and parts of it have been removed. The frieze was beautifully sculptured, but the ornaments have been carried to England, and placed in the Museum.

The hall of fame at Munich is a beautiful edifice in the Grecian style of architecture and containing busts of distinguished men. Although somewhat removed from the ordinary line of travel, it is well worth the trouble of a visit. The lecturer said that he had intended to speak of Romish architecture as shown in the Forum, of Rhemish style as exemplified in an old castle, and of ecclesiastical architecture as displayed in a cathedral. But time would permit but a few words more. The ancient style of architecture is adopted in our modern buildings. The finest edifice in this country is built in the Grecian style with Roman modifications. There is need, however, of a style of architecture suited to our own land and times. The ancient manner of building grew out of the needs imposed by the climate, and people who originated it. But our frail wooden houses show no such wisdom on our part. This is a matter which demands attention, that wants imposed by our climate and manner of living may be supplied. The speaker said in closing that the material of his lecture was drawn almost entirely from his own observation.

Mr. Porter brought with him a large picture showing the relative position of the Sphinx and a group of the pyramids, also a model of a Grecian temple and several small pictures, which were handed about among the audience. A very good number was present.

This is the last of the lectures and we understand that from the proceeds the school has paid the debt on the piano, amounting to \$92.30, also a bill for printing at last July's exhibition, \$19.00 and now have remaining beyond the expenses of the lecture, \$20.19.

[Communication.]

This seems to be an era of blessed surprises, church and school included. We would like through your columns to say that all the generosity in the confectionery line is not confined to E. Lexington. On New Year's day the Franklin school received a fairy visit, and teacher and scholars furnished each with a bountiful bag of candy (ours nothing less than South mayd's). The kind remembrance can hardly render our children sweeter nor better than they were previously, but it may with confidence be said that it will be stored away in those sweetest "honey cells" of memory, where, as the poet tells us, dwells "the dream of early hours."

A PARTICIPATOR.

G. A. R.—At the meeting of the Geo. G. Meade Post 119, G. A. R., last Tuesday evening, Past Commander, George H. Cutter, installed the following officers for the ensuing year: George E. Muzzey, Com; Charles T. Parker, S V; A. L. Ball, Jr V; O. B. Darling, Q M; Everett S. Locke, Adj; Sidney G. Butters, Serg't Maj; Grovner Paige, Q M Serg't.

DRAMATIC.—The dramatic mentioned last week will occur Thursday evening, in the Town Hall. Tickets to be had at the F. O. "Among the Breakers" is a thrilling drama, and the young people will succeed in pleasing a very large audience, we hope.

Last Sunday morning the Hancock Sabbath school appropriated \$15 from its Charity fund to the Home for Little Wanderers.

Feb. 12th, Hancock Engine Co, 2, give their 2d Annual Ball.

East Lexington.

DANCE.—Adams Engine Co, No. 1, had a ball Wednesday evening. There was a large party and a very successful time. Firemen were present from Arlington, Waltham, Watertown, Malden, Charlestown, and other places. Dunbar furnished the music, and the party took supper at the hotel.

ST. NICHOLAS for February opens with a charming little poem by W. O. Bryant, and then on the very first page, the stories begin with a well told tale of the middle ages, "Blanca and Beppo," by J. S. Stacy, full of the flavor of youthful chivalry, and illustrated by a most exquisite engraving by Miss Scannell. Among the other short stories we have "How the Heavens fell," by Rosalier

Johnson, illustrated by H. L. Stephens; "How Jamie had his own way," by Miss M. N. Prescott; "What St. Valentine did for Milly," by Susan Coolidge;—all good and each one with a character of its own. Besides these, there are the three serials, "Fast Friends," by J. T. Trowbridge, illustrated by White; "Niampo's Troubles," by Olive Thorne, with a drawing by Miss Hallock; and "What Might Have Been Expected," by Frank R. Stockton, with an illustration by W. L. Sheppard, and one by Sol Eytinge. Among the pictures is a very curious and amusing drawing by F. Beard, showing how little boys may change into frogs if they play leap frog too much. There are useful articles on the Velocity of Light, Wood-Carving, and about that curious animal, the Manatee. C. S. Stephens, who has written so much for "Our Young Folks," describes a "Moose Hunt in Maine," and there is a short resume of Stanley's recent book for boys, bringing in some startling adventures with wild animals in Africa, with pictures that will charm the heart of many a youngster. A poem, "What's the Fun?" by Olive A. Wadsworth, illustrated by eight appropriate cuts, gives, in a lively and rollicking style, an idea of the fun that may be had in each of the months of the year. There are also poems by Celia Thaxter, Silas Dinmore, Mary E. C. Wyeth—who contributes some baby valentine verses; and a humorous ballad by Theophilus Higginbotham, called "Mild Farmer Jones and the Naughty Boy," which is illustrated by nine very funny Silhouettes by Hopkins. Two pages for little folks are given this month; and there is some capital talk from "Jack-in-the Pulpit," a lively pantomime for parlor acting, by G. B. Bartlett, well known in that connection to the readers of "Our Young Folks;" and a well filled Riddle Box. The Frontispiece, by W. Brooks, entitled "In Sister's Care," is a vigorous, well drawn picture. This number of "St. Nicholas," like the last, while it keeps its individuality in every particular, shows a decided disposition to accept freely every advantage offered by its late absorption of "Our Young Folks." The old readers of the latter magazine will recognize several of their favorite authors in this number of "St. Nicholas," which, by the way, abounds in illustrations, there being no less than fifty pictures in it, all of them good, and some of them remarkably fine.

ALDINE.—There is so much of beauty and artistic excellence in the February number of this magazine, no lover of the fine arts can well afford to allow it to remain a closed book. The promise held out for the New Year, in the January number, of a volume of surpassing worth and taste, is sustained in this issue. A dozen beautiful pictures embellish its pages, more than half of which are original American views. Mr. W. M. Cary has a spirited full page picture of "Antelope Hunting on the Plains;" the bouncers are in full pursuit of a herd of deer, which are coursing like the wind over the foot hills at the base of the Rocky Mountains. Mr. John Hows has a series of five pictures, which he drew last summer in the lovely region of the famous Juniata River in Pennsylvania. One of these is a grand and massive whole page picture, representing "The Juniata River, near Huntington, Pa.," showing a deep cut through the rocks on the Pennsylvania Central Railroad. Two large companion pieces, full of the feeling and atmosphere of out-of-doors, give the beholder wild and rugged views of the inlet and outlet of "Sinking Spring," a river which flows for a mile under the mountain. Two other charming sketches, full of beautiful water, cloud, and foliage effects, are sketches of the river—"Lewiston Narrows" and "Juniata River near Lewiston." No finer series of pictures of American scenery has ever been published. Mr. John S. Davis contributes a characteristic sketch of the village "ne'er do well," "An Idle Dog," which is true to life, as well as being graceful in pose and composition. Specht has a fine picture of Scotch greyhounds, "Gentlemen of Leisure," and "Cinderella," is one of those fairy like picture, after Lejeune, representing a pretty maiden sitting by the open fire place. The other illustrations are a large and handsome picture called "The Old Bible," by G. Wagnmiller, a child reading to her grandmother; a sweet picture of a young lady seated on the flowery bank of a stream; "A child no more," a maiden now, and a dashing sketch called "Budding Genius."

DECORATED CHINA SETS CHEAP.—We recently called the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Richard Briggs, 137 Washington street, Boston, who is offering decorated dinner and tea sets at greatly reduced prices. The plan which he has adopted for the first time in this country, of offering really desirable China sets at very low prices, is meeting with great success, and we advise all to avail themselves of the rare opportunity to supply their table with a handsome service for about the usual cost of ordinary white China.

PERSONAL.—Mr. Henry Pitman formerly an attache of the Medford Journal has effected a partnership with A. J. B. Morse, the editor of the Medford Chronicle, and will attend to the news department of that paper, for which his experience in the business fits him.

Married
In Bedford, Jan. 12, by Rev. E. Chase, Mr. Geo. A. Butters, of Lexington, and Miss Margie C. Worhley, of Strong, Maine.
In Arlington, Jan. 19, by Rev. J. M. Finotti, Mr. Patrick Rowe, Jr., and Mary E. Riley, both of A.
In Arlington, Jan. 8, by Rev. G. W. Cutter, Mr. Kimball Farmer, of A., and Miss Julia C. Pratt, of Salem.
In Arlington, Jan. 1, by Rev. Amos Harris, Nelson Record and Miss Ellen B. Richardson, both of A.
In Arlington, Jan. 1, by Rev. W. T. Stowe, of Olanestown, Edwin P. Bryant of Lexington, and Miss Ellen W. Osborn of Arlington.

Died.
Date, name and age inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In Arlington, Jan. 20, Mrs. Sally James, aged 88.

Special Notices.

Lexington Savings Bank.
Deposits in sums of Five Cents to One Thousand Dollars will be received at this Bank, and placed upon interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum. BANK HOURS from 2 P. M. to 8 P. M. Wednesdays and Saturdays.
WILLIAM D. PHELPS, Treas'r
Lexington, April 24th, 1872.

Arlington Five Cents Savings Bank.
Interest allowed on deposits at the rate of six per cent. per annum, made up and added to the principal, on the first Saturday in January and July. Deposits put on interest the first Saturday in each month. Bank open Saturday afternoon and evening.
ABEL R. PROCTOR, Treas.
ALBERT WINN, President.
December 20 1872.

EAT TO LIVE!
Write to A. S. & W. G. Lewis & Co., 58 Long Wharf, Boston, agents for F. E. Smith & Co.'s CRUSHED WHITE WHEAT, for their PAMPHLET ON FOODS, with important extracts from Selig & Johnston, and other Scientists. Sent Free. Read it and save your HEALTH and MONEY. 119

U. S. Postal Cards
50 Cts. per HUNDRED,
Sent by mail or express. Address G. W. Simmons & Son, "Oak Hall," Boston. Samples sent. 118


W. A. LANE & CO.
Auctioneers & Real Estate Agents
RESIDENCE, BEDFORD, MASS.
Offices at C. A. Corey's Store, Bedford, and B. C. Whitaker's Store, Lexington Center, where all orders that are left will be promptly attended to. References many of the prominent men in adjoining towns. Thankful for past favors, they solicit the generous patronage that has been given heretofore. m

M. D. MANN'S
Arlington & Boston Express.
OFFICES—Corner Charlestown and Main streets
Arlington. No. 3 Washington Street, and No. 36 Court Square, Boston.
Goods and Packages, Furniture and Merchandise of all kinds, carefully handled and moved.
Goods of all kinds forwarded by any other Express line to all parts of the country. Orders solicited.

S. T. Pearson,
APOTHECARY,
Arlington Ave., cor. Medford St.,
ARLINGTON, MASS.

M. A. Richardson & Co.,
DEALERS IN
PERIODICALS & STATIONERY!
Sent's Furnishing Goods,
HATS, CAPS, FANCY GOODS, CONFECTIONERY, PATENT MEDICINES, Etc.,
Arlington Ave., at R. R. Crossing,
Arlington, Mass.
AGENTS FOR THE
ARLINGTON ADVOCATE!
And authorized to receive subscriptions and advertisements. Orders for Job Printing promptly attended to. a13

BILLHEADS, CARDS, etc., neatly and promptly done at 204 Main Street, Woburn.
DANCING SCHOOL.
MRS. C. N. ALLEN,
Of Boston, will open a Select Class for instruction in DANCING DEPORTMENT and CALISTHENICS, for Young Ladies, Gentlemen, and Children of all ages, in
ARLINGTON, THURSDAY AFTERNOON
JANUARY 29th, 1874, at 4.30.
Circulars, with full particulars, obtainable at Mr. Pearson's Drug Store, on the 29th.

DELINQUENT TAX-PAYERS

OFFICE OF THE COLLECTOR AND TREASURER,
Arlington, June 8th, 1874.
A demand is hereby made for an immediate settlement of all unpaid taxes, with interest from Nov. 1. Unless this demand is complied with, steps will be immediately taken for the collection of the same.
JOHN F. ALLEN,
Treasurer and Collector.

W. N. WINN'S
Arlington & Boston
EXPRESS.
Order Boxes in Arlington, at
T. H. RUSSELL'S, Centre Depot, and L. PEIRCE & CO'S. Office in Boston, 36 Court Square; Order Boxes, 35 and 95 Faneuil Hall Market.
Leaves ARLINGTON at 2 o'clock, A. M. and BOSTON, 2 P. M.

L. D. BRADLEY,
GROCER,
Charlestown St., } Next door to
Arlington House.
ARLINGTON, - MASS.

Agent for Fleischmann & Co.'s
COMPRESSED YEAST.

L. PEIRCE & CO.,
Dealers in
Choice Family Groceries,
FLOUR, TEAS, COFFEES, SPICES, ENGLISH SAUCES, PICKLES, SARDINES, OLIVE OIL, CHOICE HAXALL FLOUR, SELECT VERMONT BUTTER.

Sole Agents for
Bastine's French Yeast.
A first-class article.
ARLINGTON AVE., Arlington.
Goods delivered in any part of the town or West Medford, free of expense.

LOUIS TATRO,
Fashionable Hair Dresser & Barber,
OVER E. P. RICH'S STORE,
LEXINGTON, MASS.

H. W. HILL,
Manufacturer of
Boots and Shoes.
Women's and Misses' Boots and Shoes for sale.
REPAIRING A SPECIALTY,
ARLINGTON AVENUE, Corner Buckman Court

Joseph W. Ronco,
FASHIONABLE HAIR DRESSER,
Over Upham's Market, Arlington Ave.
ARLINGTON, MASS.
Particular attention given to Cutting, Curling and Shampooing Ladies' and Children's Hair. a

To Families.
DECORATED
Dinner & Tea Sets
The subscriber will offer until the 1st of February next, his entire stock of Decorated Dinner and Tea Sets, at

Greatly Reduced
PRICES.


The assortment comprises upwards of one hundred Dinner Sets, and one hundred and fifty Tea Sets, and have all been made to his own order in England, France and Germany.
An opportunity like the present has never before been offered the American Public to supply themselves with the choicest quality and most desirable patterns of China at such extremely low prices.
Orders from a distance will receive the most careful personal attention.
All goods packed without charge, and warranted to reach their destination whole and in perfect order.
RICHARD BRIGGS,
137 Washington, cor. School St.,
BOSTON.
Boston, Jan. 7, 1874.

Arlington and Lexington, Attention.
Bread, Cake, Fancy Crackers

IN FULL ASSORTMENT.
Hot Bread every day at 4 P. M. Fresh Morning Bread. Hot Brown Bread EVERY SUNDAY MORNING.
ARLINGTON AVENUE, ARLINGTON, MASS. W. H. PASTER.

ALONZO GODDARD,
DEALER IN
Stoves of all Kinds,
Including the Magic Portable Range.
Zinc, Sheet Lead, Lead Pipe, Galvanized Iron Pipe, Hardware, Doty's Clothes Washer, Clothes Wringers,
Kitchen Furnishing Goods, Tin, Japan, Britannia, Glass and Wooden Ware.
Special attention paid to manufacturing Milk Cans of all sizes.
MAIN STREET, EAST LEXINGTON
And near the Centre Depot, Main Street. m

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, &c., &c.
GEO. W. NICHOLS,
Town Hall Building,
LEXINGTON, MASS.

Terms, Positively Cash.

HOLMES & POWERS,
Hack, Boarding, Livery & Sale Stable,
ARLINGTON HOTEL,
MAIN STREET, - ARLINGTON, MASS.

Carriages furnished for Funerals, Weddings, Pleasure Parties, &c.
Particular attention paid to Boarding Horses.
E. C. HOLMES, C. B. POWERS

WILLIAM KIMBALL,
CARRIAGE MANUFACTURER
AND HORSE SHOER,
Arlington Avenue.
Opp. Whittemore's Hotel,
ARLINGTON.

All branches of repairing done with neatness and dispatch. Particular attention paid to Horse Shoes. a6
C. A. LIBBY, M. D.,
Homeopathic Physician,
ARLINGTON AVENUE, cor. WATER STREET
Recently of Malden, where he has had charge of Dr. Burpee's extensive practice during his long illness, now offers his professional services to the people of Arlington and vicinity, and hopes by due attention to his professional duties to merit and receive a share of public patronage.
REFERENCES:
I. T. Talbot, M.D., Boston; J. A. Burpee, M.D. Malden; David Thayer, M.D., Boston; J. H. Smith, M.D., Melrose; J. H. Woodbury, M.D. Boston; E. P. Colby, M.D., Wakefield.
Office hours from 7 to 9 A. M.; 1 to 2 and 6 to 8 P. M.

L. C. Tyler & Co.,
Dealers in
Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.
Repairing Promptly Done.
Corner of Arlington Avenue and Pleasant Street, opposite Town Hall, Arlington, Mass.

GREEN-HOUSE FLOWERS.
The undersigned, formerly gardener for Mr. Pock, having secured the use of his Green-Houses, is prepared to supply the residents of Arlington and others with choice Green-House Flowers at less than city rates.
FLORAL WORK.
of any design, for Decoration, Weddings, Parties, &c., carefully and promptly executed.
Particular attention given to orders for Funeral Flowers, Bouquets, Wreaths, Anchors, Crosses, Crowns, &c.
Hanging Baskets and Ferneries filled, Plant Pottered with prepared soil.
Flowers cut fresh on receipt of order.
BEDDING PLANTS A SPECIALTY.
WM. KENNERLEY, Florist.
Pleasant Street.

FOR
ALL KINDS OF PRINTING
—GO TO—
204 Main Street,
WOBURN.

LEXINGTON
MILLINERY ROOM.

MRS. BULLOCK would call the attention of the Ladies of Lexington and vicinity, to her
NEW STOCK OF GOODS,
for the WINTER TRADE, which she has selected with the greatest care from the latest New York and Boston Styles.
and having secured the services of
Miss Freeman
(her former Milliner,) for the coming season, she feels confident of giving entire satisfaction in the finest quality of work and latest styles. Ladies Dress Caps made to order.

Respectfully,
MRS. A. BULLOCK,
TOWN HALL BUILDING.

PRICES WAY DOWN
—AT—
RICH'S,
MAIN ST., nearly opp. Depot,
LEXINGTON, MASS.
Call and get the benefit of the Reduction.

GIVEN AWAY!
FOR A SMALL SUM.
BRA KETS
of every description, Card and Cabinet Frames, Corner and Wall Brackets, Comb b'xs, Easels, Watch Stands, Paper & Wall Racks, Pen Holders, &c., &c., at

OBER'S
Furniture Store, Arlington,
Upholstering and repairing neatly done. a1

NEW STABLE.
THE subscriber has REMOVED HIS HACK LIVERY and BOARDING STABLE from the stand he has occupied for 10 years on the Avenue, to the new building in
BUCKMAN COURT,
NEARLY OPPOSITE THE DEPOT.

In his new quarters he will welcome his friends, whom he thanks for their many past favors, and whose patronage in the future he hopes may be continued.
HACKS furnished for Weddings and Funerals.
W. C. CURRIE.

Whitcher & Saville,
Main Street, Lexington.
GROCERIES,
Extra Teas, Coffees and Spices,
PAINTS, OILS,
AND PAINTERS' TOOLS,
Grain of all kinds, in quantity

A LIVELY SLED RIDE.

On a Thursday night, about the middle of January, there was a fall of snow. Not a very heavy fall; the snow might have been deeper, but it was deep enough for sledding. On the Friday Harry, in connection with another boy, Tom Selden, several years older than himself, concocted a grand scheme. They would haul wood on a sled all day Saturday.

It was not to be any trifling little "boy play" wood-hauling. Harry's father owned a wood sled—one of the very few sleds or sleighs in the county—which was quite an imposing affair, as to size at least. It was about eight feet long and four feet wide, and although it was rough enough,—being made of heavy boards, nailed transversely upon a couple of solid runners, with upright poles to keep the load in place—it was a very good sled as far as it went, which had not been very far of late, for there had been no good sledding for several seasons. Old Mr. Truly Matthews had a large pile of wood cut in a forest, about a mile and a half from the village, and the boys knew that he wanted it hauled to the house, and that by a good day's work considerable money could be made.

All the arrangements were concluded on Friday, which was a half holiday, on account of the snow making it unpleasant travelling for those scholars who lived at a distance. Harry's father gave his consent to the plan and loaned his sled. Three negro men agreed to help for one-fourth of the profits. Tom Selden went into the affair, heart and hand, agreeing to take his share out in fun. What money was made after paying expenses, was to go into the Aunt Matilda Fund, which was tolerably low about that time.

Kate gave her earnest sanction to the scheme, which was quite disinterested on her part, for being a girl, she could not very well go on a wood hauling expedition, and she could expect to do little else but stay at home and calculate the possible profits of the trips.

The only difficulty was to procure a team; and nothing less than a four-horse team would satisfy the boys.

Mr. Loudon lent one horse—old Selim a big, brown fellow, who was very good at pulling when he felt in the humor. Tom could bring no horse, for his father did not care to lend his horses for such a purpose. He was afraid they might get their legs broken, and strange as it seemed to the boys, most of the neighbors appeared to have similar notions. But a negro man named Isaac Waddell, agreed to hire his thin horse, Hector, for fifty cents a day; and the store-keeper, after much persuasion, lent a big, grey mule, Grits, by name. There was another mule in the village, which the boys could have if they wanted her; but they didn't want her, that is, if they could get anything else with four legs that would do to go in their team. This was Polly, a little mule belonging to Mrs. Dabney, who kept the post office. Polly was not only very little in size, but she was also very little given to going. She did not particularly object to a walk, if it were not too long, and would pull a buggy or carry a man with great complacency, but she seldom indulged in trotting. It was of no use to whip her. Her skin was so thick or so destitute of feeling, that she did not seem to take any notice of a good hard crack. Polly was not a favorite, but she doubtless had her merits, though no one knew exactly what they were. Perhaps the best thing that could be said about her was that she did not take up much room.

But on Saturday, it was evident that Polly would have to be taken, for no other animal could be obtained in her place. So, soon after breakfast, the team was collected in Mr. Loudon's back yard, and harnessed to the sled. Beside the three negroes who had been hired, there were seven volunteers—some big and some small—who were very willing to work for nothing, if they might have a ride on the sled. The harness was not the best in the world; some of it was leather and some was rope and some was chain. It was gathered together from various quarters like the team; nobody seemed anxious to lend good harness.

Grits and thin Hector were the leaders, and Polly and old Selim were the pole horses, so to speak.

When all the straps were buckled and the chains hooked and the knots tied (and this took a long time, as there were only

twelve men and boys to do it) Dick Ford jumped on old Selim, little Johnny Sand, as black as ink, was hoisted on Grits, and Gregory Montague, a tall, yellow boy, with high boots and no toes to them, bestrode thin Hector. Harry, Tom, and nine negroes, (two more had just come into the yard) jumped on the sled. Dick Ford cracked his whip; Kate stood on the back door step and clapped her hands; all the darkies shouted; Harry and Tom hurrahed; and away they—didn't go.

Polly wasn't ready. And what was more, old brown Selim was perfectly willing to wait for her. He looked around mildly at the little mule, as if he would say, "Now don't be in a hurry, my good Polly; be sure you are right before you go ahead."

Polly was quite sure she wasn't right and stood as stiffly as if she had been frozen to the ground, and all the crackling of whips and shouting of "Git up!" "Go 'long!" "What d'ye mean, dar, you, Polly!" made no impression on her.

Then Harry made his voice heard above the hubbub.

"Never mind Polly," he shouted. "Let her alone. Dick, and you other fellows, just start off your own horses. Now, then! Get up, all of you!"

At this, every rider whipped up his horse or his mule, and spurred him with his heels, and every darkey shouted,—"Hi, dar!" and off they went, rattledly bang.

Polly went too. There never was such an astonished little mule in this world. Out of the gate they all whirled at a full gallop, and up the road tearing along. Negroes shouting, chains rattling, snow flying back from sixteen pounding hoofs, sled cutting through the snow like a ship at sea, and a lit'l darkey shooting out behind at every bounce over a rough place.

"Hurrah!" cried Harry, holding tight to an upright pole. "Isn't this splendid?"

"Splendid? It's glorious," shouted Tom. "It's better than being a pi—" and down he went on his knees, and the big sled banged over a rough place in the road, and Josephine's Bobby was bounced out into a snow drift under a fence.

Whether Tom intended to say a pirate or a pyrotechnic, was never discovered; but in six minutes there was only one of the small darkies left on the sled. The men and this one, John William Webster, hung on to the poles as if they were glued there.

As for Polly, she was carried along faster than she fever went before in her life. She jumped, she skipped, she slid, she skated; sometimes sitting down, and sometimes on her feet, but flying along all the same, no matter how she chose to go.

And so, rattling, shouting, banging, bouncing—snow flying and whips crackling, on they sped, until John William Webster's pole came, out and, clip! he went head over heels into the snow.

But John William had a soul above tumblers. In an instant he jerked himself up to his feet, dropped the pole and dashed after the sled.

Swiftly onward went the sled, and right behind came John William, his legs working like steamboat wheels, his white teeth shining, and his big eyes sparkling.

There was no stopping the sled; but there was no stopping John William either, and in less than two minutes he reached the sled, grabbed a man by the leg, and tugged and pulled until he seated himself on the end board.

"I tole yer so!" said he, when he got his breath. And yet he hadn't told anybody anything.

And now the woods were reached, and after a deal of pulling and shouting, the team was brought to a halt, and then slowly led through a short road to where the wood was piled.

The big mule and the horses steamed and puffed a little, but Polly stood as calm as a rocking-horse.—*St. Nicholas for February.*

MODERN CRUSOES.—From the first publication of Robinson Crusoe down to the present day, the adventures of unfortunates cast on desert islands have been matters of intense interest to young and old. Fire, and tempest, and sometimes treachery, have generally been the causes of their banishment from the world. When we read of two men voluntarily casting themselves upon a barren island,

with no higher motive than the hope of obtaining seal skins, curiosity and interest are more likely to be aroused by their stories than sympathy or admiration. To the British surveying ship Challenger we are indebted for the history of the two German brothers Stottenhoff, who passed nearly two years on Inaccessible Island, in the southern Atlantic Ocean. The island is so named from the apparent impossibility, as viewed from the sea, of ascending its precipitous cliffs, which are 1800 feet high. To this forbidding place the brothers wilfully banished themselves their sole object being the acquisition of a little wealth by the successful hunting of seals. Here, on November 27, 1871, they landed, having journeyed from the group of islands called Tristan d'Acuna, thirty miles farther south. Their provisions were of the most meagre description, consisting of very moderate quantities of flour, rice, biscuits, coffee, salt, a little tobacco, and sugar. Their most valuable stores were a whale boat with masts, sails and oars; one small lamp, six empty barrels for oil and six dozen boxes of matches. Their battery consisted of a small muzzle-loading Enfield rifle, an old German fowling piece, with three and one half pounds of powder, 200 bullets, and some lead. Immediately upon landing the younger of the brothers started out in pursuit of game, climbed to the top of the island, but was unsuccessful in his hunt, and too tired to return that night. This was a foretaste of the adventures to follow. Four days after landing the brothers were visited by sixteen men from Tristan, this being the beginning of the sealing season. The men from Tristan behaved with great kindness to the exiles, and assisted them in building a hut on another portion of the beach, where, by means of long grass running from the back of the hut up the sides of the cliff, it was possible to reach the top. After nine days' sojourn the Tristan men left the island, promising to return at Christmas. The brothers, thus left to their own devices, may be said to have fairly begun their hardships. Their first hut failed to keep out the rain, and another was built. The hunt for seals was pursued at times, but without success. The sealing season ended in January, 1872, and no seals had been captured. The Tristan men failed to return. When landing on one of the trips round the island, the whale boat was seriously damaged in the surf. In the beginning of April, 1872, the tussock-grass, by means of which the ascent of the cliffs was made, accidentally caught fire, and the whole of it was destroyed. The means of reaching game being thus cut off, and the winter approaching, it became imperative to lay in provisions. The whale boat was cut in halves, and a "sea cart" constructed, on which the brothers sailed to another portion of the island, and shot two goats. Winter set in in June with a heavy gale during which the "sea cart" was washed away. This was a great calamity, as it deprived our adventurers of the only means of leaving the beach, except by swimming round a high bluff. Unable to reach the plateau after the loss of the boat, the store of provisions became so reduced that it was necessary to diminish the daily allowance to a quantity just sufficient to sustain life, and towards the middle of August both men were little better than skeletons. In October a schooner, the Themis, came in sight. The captain gave the brothers a quantity of salt pork, biscuits and tobacco, but declined giving anything more except in exchange for seal skins, which the Stottenhoffs did not possess. The schooner agreed to return in a few weeks' time, which was spent by the exiles in trapping seals with which to pay their passage to the Cape of Good Hope. In November the supply of penguin's eggs, an article of diet upon which the brother's chiefly relied, and the biscuits and pork were exhausted. It now became necessary to seek other sustenance. The men accordingly swam round to the rocky point or bluff to the southward, and landed at their first resting-place. They were successful in obtaining food, and also in capturing six seals. They were visited by an American whaling schooner, and exchanged their seal skins for some tobacco, three shirts, and twenty-five pounds of flour. Expecting the return of the Themis, advantage was not taken of this opportunity to quit the island. They returned to the north beach on the 10th of December, and nine days after a party of Tristan men visited them, after a remarkably successful seal hunt. The Tristan men had arrived at the western side of the island the day after the brothers left it, and had captured more seals in a few days than the luckless exiles had in a year. The Tristan men departed, assuring the Stottenhoffs that the

Themis would certainly return for them. This was the last communication the brothers held with any one until their rescue ten months afterward. The rest of their history is a series of almost unparalleled sufferings and privations. For six months, the brothers were separated, one man living at the top of the cliffs, and the other on the beach below. Their fortitude and reliance upon each other never seems to have deserted them. When rescued by the Challenger, on the 16th of October, 1873, they were simply sustaining nature upon the most meagre food. Their rifle had burst in two places, and their musket was useful only as a blowpipe to freshen up the fire. Thus, after two years of exile, these modern Crusoes, bankrupt in health and spirits, travelled as paupers to a strange land. Their hardihood and endurance have served no purpose, unless they prove that true philosophy does not consist in blindly seeking misfortune, but in accepting it with fortitude and resignation.

THE LATE MRS. BADGER.—Some interesting facts relating to this worthy lady are found in the Springfield Republican. That paper says:

"The maiden name of Mrs. Badger was Shepard, and she was one of a large family of sons and daughters, born in Dorchester, of parentage which, no doubt, communicated this tendency to insanity, along with some remarkable gifts and powers of mind. The two sisters, Adeline and Lucy Shepard, were noted from infancy for their quickness and the especial ease with which they acquired foreign languages. Adeline, the elder of these two, though not the eldest daughter, was nearly 40 at the time of her death, and was a pupil in the State Normal School at West Newton, more than 20 years ago, where she took high rank as a scholar, and attracted the notice of Horace Mann and other visitors at the school. Afterwards she pursued her studies in the languages by herself or with private tutors and at Antioch College, and, becoming acquainted with Mrs. Hawthorne, who was a sister-in-law of Horace Mann, she was engaged as governess in the Hawthorne family while they were living in England and in Italy. It has always been said that the character of Hilda in Hawthorne's 'Marble Faun,' was drawn from Miss Addie Shepard, who made a strong impression on all who knew her, by the sweetness, intelligence and purity of her nature. After her return from Europe, and while living at the West, she made the acquaintance of Mr. Henry C. Badger of Antioch College (where Miss Shepard had also graduated), and became his wife. He is a minister of the Unitarian denomination, and preached for some years in the West, and afterwards in Cambridge. His health failing, Mrs. Badger undertook to support the family by opening a school for girls in Boston, which has gone on successfully for several years, but, of course, has added much to her cares and labors. This winter she was induced to accept the nomination in her ward for School Committee, and was one of the four women lately elected in Boston to that office. It was probably imprudent in her thus to increase her duties, which were already too much for her strength, and it is possible that a feeling of anxiety and responsibility in regard to this new work may have done something to develop her insanity. There was nothing peculiarly unhappy or disturbing in her circumstances at this time, but her strength had been overtaxed in various ways. She leaves a husband and two or three young children, several brothers and sisters, and a large circle of friends to mourn her loss, and the sad incidents attending it."

A writer in the *London Society* propounds the following plan of silencing that worst of social bores, the anecdote-monger. "Cross-examine him," he says, "on all the salient points of the anecdote. Demand the why, the how, and the when. Suggest that some other course than the one pursued ought to have been taken, and sift the affair as if you were the sternest historical critic. If the relator and his friend Fred Cooper, were thrown out of a dog cart, inquire whether they were driving a horse or a mare; ask who made the dog cart, and what was the height of the wheels. Request him to draw a plan of the spot at which the upset occurred, and be particular in your curiosity as to the harness and the weather. I can confidently, and from experience, recommend this as the most effectual course."

An advertisement for a district school teacher in New Hampshire concluded in this way: "N. B.—No man need apply who wears a shawl."



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